

THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.)

Published Every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, Editor and Owner
BRUCE MILLER, Editor and Owner

NOTHING TO DO.

I have shot my arrows and spun my top,
And handled my last new ball;
I trundled my hoop till I had to stop,
And swung till I got a fall;
I tumbled my books all out of the shelves,
And hunted the pictures through;
I have flung them where they may sort
themselves.

And now I have nothing to do.
The tower of Babel I built of blocks
Came down with a crash to the floor;
My train of cars ran over the rocks—
I'll warrant they'll run no more;
I've raced with Grip till I'm out of breath;
My slate is broken in two,
So I can't draw monkeys; I'm tired to death
Because I have nothing to do.

Maria has gone to the woods for flowers,
And Lucy and Rose are away
After berries. I'm sure they've been out
for hours.
I wonder what makes them stay?
Ned wants to saddle Brunette for me,
But riding is nothing new;
"I was thinking you'd relish a canter,"
said he,
"Because you had nothing to do."

I wish I was poor Jim Foster's son,
For he seems so happy and gay,
When his wood is chopped and his work is
all done.
With his little half hour to play;
He neither has books, nor top nor ball,
Yet he's singing the whole day through—
But then he is never tired at all.
Because he has something to do.
—American Homes.

A SUNDAY RACE.

BY PETER STUDLEY.

A cool gray and sweet neatness with-
in, and a world of rampant glory with-
out!

Cordelia Brown had been brought up
a Shakeress, and this was her Californ-
ian home. Everybody was thunder-
struck when Joel Brown proposed to
and was accepted by prim "Sister Cor-
delia," as she was called by everyone.
Though Sister Cordelia had years and
years ago forsaken the community life,
still the early training was much in evi-
dence, even to the quaint and spotless
kerchief.

When the first froth of it had blown
off, everyone agreed that after all it
was not an ill-match. Joel was steady,
Sister Cordelia was the quintessence of
steadiness. Joel Brown was nearer
fifty than forty, and assuredly Sister
Cordelia made no pretense to youth.
Again, their farms adjoined. There-
fore it was all as it should be, when
Cordelia transferred her bits over to
Joel Brown's, his residence being about
twice the size, turning her house into
a drying place. Joel himself had ever
been neat as wax, but now the whole
surroundings shone with a purity that
was immaculate. Joel had a touch of
romance in him; he stroked his silvery
gray chin and said:

"What do you want most that I can
buy you? Something out of the ordi-
nary, you understand."
Cordelia understood—it was to be
the wedding present, since before they
were married she had persistently re-
fused to accept any memento whatso-
ever. After much deliberation she re-
plied:

"Mister Brown, I guess that as ye
feel ye must be extravagant for once in
your life, I'll take the finest sprinkler
and fountain hose ye can find."

So Joel bought a length of hose and a
gilded nozzle that took her breath
away. She had secretly sighed many
years for half such a length, and as she
directed the stream on the golden
field until every orange shone like a
golden ball in its setting of deep green,
she murmured: "My! but I hope such a
length of nozzle is not sinful."

However, Cordelia was Cordelia still,
and two things she would not counten-
ance, viz.: the twirling whirling foun-
tain attachment to the wonderful hose
and the other—Joel's colt.

Joel magnanimously changed the
first to a steady triumphant matter-of-
fact spray, which played nightly on the
tiny lawn that was a part of the trim
glory of the place; but the colt—ah,
there was the rub! It was Joel's weak-
ness, his one weakness—he doted on a
bit of good pedigree, and this colt
was a colt of pedigree. It had a famous
racing sire. Had it been branded on its
silken coat with the word Sin it could
not have been more an object of silent
condemnation to Cordelia. To her it
was the carnal representative of the
pomps and vanities of this wicked
world. Joel was not unmindful of it;
but the colt—was the colt!

Tractable and gentle as a kitten, led by
a little halter it would run by the side of
Joel, as he drove to market. It even
sought with soft whinny to woo Cor-
delia as she passed the paddock in her
clean gray dress and white cap; but
Cordelia never turned her head. Joel
smiled softly to himself, yet respected
Cordelia's notions all the same.

The colt grew apace. The neighbors,
men and women, also respected Cor-
delia's notions—inasmuch that the very
few men friends of Joel would wait un-
til she had passed on to meeting before
they strolled over to Joel's to "hev a
look at that colt."

It was whilst Cordelia was away that
the colt was first "broke into harness."
Little breaking was required, for by
Joel's methods "Enid" (for such was
the colt's name) seemed to understand
it was a proud promotion and behaved
accordingly.

When the evening came on, after the
day's work was over, Cordelia, like a
picture of placid rectitude, sat on the
porch, the spray sprinkling the grass;
and then would Joel harness the little
colt and drive away for an hour, return-
ing to devote himself to Cordelia and
his reading. By his suppressed jubi-
lance Cordelia knew the horse was act-
ing magnificently and realizing all
Joel's dreams of a colt with such a pedi-
gree.

"Land's sake, Mis' Brown," said Miss
Field, a neighbor with a lisp and a sniff,

"they do say as Deacon Morrow's horse
as he gave one hundred and fifty dollars
gold coin for, ain't no livelier than your
colt, an' if it comes to a trade, youm
might be the better in the long run."

She awaited Cordelia's answer with
her usual sniff.

Cordelia crossed her hands and said
slowly:

"Miss Field, I don't hold to colts, no-
how."
"To be sure—to be sure—to be sure,"
said the Miss Field, as if pacifying on a
subject upon which Cordelia was rabid.
Yet, all the same, the next week Miss
Field took occasion to remark:

"Mis' Mo' row seems to look down on
all others as small potatoes, now her
husband lets her drive a blooded horse
to meeting—not that you want to hear
of hosses, anyhow. Do you 'low as
your colt is as speedy as Deacon Mor-
row's?"

"It is Joel's colt, not mine."
"To be sure—to be sure. Well, you'll
be at the camp meeting next Sunday?"

This was prime cruelty, and Cordelia
knew it as such; for Cordelia must
either ask Joel to drive her there (Joel
never went to church or meeting), or
else she must ask a ride behind Deacon
Morrow's blood horse. Cordelia was
still Cordelia; but more, Cordelia was a
woman.

"Yes, I'll be there. Mr. Brown will
be for driving me, I guess."

"To be sure—to be sure. I hope it
will be profitable to Mister Brown. He
has my prayers. Some people do say
as how they don't see for the life of
them how you came to marry an un-
converted man, anyhow."

"There are conversions through the
heart, Miss Field, and there be only
conversions through the tongue, Miss
Field."

Miss Field hastened to inform her
friends that Cordelia, to her mind,
"was back-sliding for one of Cordelia's
pretensions, seeing how as she even
dressed different, to show different, as it
might be."

"Mister Brown—Joel, I should like
you to drive me to camp meeting next
Sunday."

Cordelia had closed the spray; Joel
had laid down his book—he was dream-
ing. Mother earth was cool and sweet;
the scent of orange blossom was in the
air; an orange fell on the ground with a
happy little thud of content. A whinny
from Enid completed the calm peace of
the place.

Joel was sensible that it was a grave
request.

"Yes, I will drive you there, of course
—but—Cordelia, I think that old
Betsy's lame; anyhow, if you kin bring
your mind to it, I will drive powerful
slow—with Enid."

Enid heard her name and took a high-
stepping little flourish round the pad-
dock. Cordelia sighed gently and was
silent for a few minutes.

"Joel, I am minding if it does not hurt
you to drive her, it will not hurt me to
be driven."

This was the nearest to a love speech
that Cordelia had ever made to Joel. The
barometer of Joel's humor rose corre-
spondingly—in fact, Cordelia had to
say aloud to preserve her own cool equi-
librium: "Men are that foolish, they
be no better than a boy with a bag of
nuts and a new pocketknife, if any-
thing happens to please them."

Having made up her mind to it, on the
Sunday she dressed with more than
usual precision, as if to make up in
neatness and spotless attire for what-
ever of the vanities she might thus be
countenancing. Joel Brown was true to
his word, and as Deacon Morrow passed
them with his high-stepper, "Cordelia
felt quite comfortably sedate. Miss
Field was enjoying the back seat of the
deacon's rig, and gave a friendly, pat-
ronizing little nod to Cordelia.

Enid behaved like the lady of high
pedigree she was, and beyond a shake of
the mane as the deacon went by, also a
suspicion of impatience at the slow
pace, she went to the camp meeting
most becomingly.

Joel Brown also behaved most be-
comingly when there, and allowed him-
self to be alluded to as "a brand from
the burning," without the usual twinkle
at the corners of his mouth. Cordelia
felt she had passed through a crisis sat-
isfactorily, and no doubt would have
been her own placid self had not Miss
Field, with her little lisp and sniff, re-
marked, as Cordelia was stepping into the
buggy, that of course she would
want to be getting off, so as to get in
before dark; Deacon Morrow had no
call to hurry, as the horse was that swift
—no doubt the deacon would pass them
on the road, so they need not say good
night, etc.

The air was sweet and refreshing; the
first evening breeze wafted over them
like a benediction; for the day had been
a hot one and the exhortations fervid.
Womanlike, with the grateful breeze
came a relaxation of her nerves, and
Cordelia gave vent to a remark most
"techy" for her after a camp meeting.

"Miss Field car act as aggravating as
a spoiled cat."

With that she was relieved. And as
Joel tucked in her dress from the dust
and after awhile asked her if she didn't
think she had better have her shawl on,
Cordelia was at peace with herself and
the beautiful world again. A wide good
road opened up before them for a long
stretch. Enid seemed to scent the Pa-
cific breeze, her delicate nostrils ex-
panded, she seemed to be dancing on air
for a minute or two.

"Easy, Enid, easy! She smells the
sea and wants a little run to ease off a
bit," Joel remarked in explanation to
Cordelia, but without allowing Enid to
break a step. "When, Enid, steady,
slow, now—slow now, that's it, that's
it. She's pining for a run, you see."

"Well—then—let her run a—bit."
Cordelia added the latter as a saving
grace to her conscience—and no one
was in sight.

"Well, jest a breath then," said Joel.
"We'll slow up again after. All right,
then, Enid—ah! so—gee up, then, ah!
my beauty, that's it. Gee up—so, there's
a pace—there's a step—there's a grace."

Cordelia, after her first fright, was
over, was experiencing the most en-
chanting exhilaration. The trees ap-
peared to fly past. It was delightful,
especially as no one was a witness.

"Nay, Enid, nay, nay, now, that's
enough."

But Enid was pricking up her ears and
Joel turned round:

"She's as sharp as a needle—she
heard them that's behind sooner than I
did. Steady, now, no, no, you've had
your little go. You'll keep quiet now."

"Who's that behind?"

"It's Deacon Morrow. Slow, steady,
Enid! She hates to let anyone pass her,
especially that hoss of the deacon's.
Nay, Enid, you'll act pretty now. There
that's a beauty—slower—slower!"

Joel drew to one side. With a mighty
flourish, and Miss Field calmly trium-
phant, Deacon Morrow flashed past them.

Enid trembled and shook again, with
repressed ambition, as the deacon's
equipage receded in the distance.

"She do want to go!" said Joel apolo-
getically.

"Well, I guess we're going slower
than we've any need to," said Cordelia.
"But if I let her go she'll want to
pass them, and she will be wuss if she
don't and they are pretty far off."

"Then let her pass them, it cannot
hurt, for once anyhow."

"All right, Cordelia. Let 'em have it,
says I. All right, Enid—up! There,
ah! my girl, go it, ah! so—up there,
up there."

She flew like the wind, nearer, nearer
to the deacon's rig. Cordelia tried to
preserve her wonted calm, but instead
had to hold on to her shawl tightly.

"Gosh! you sprung on me, Joel!"
shouted the burly deacon as they passed.

"Couldn't hold her in," yelled Joel
back.

Now that they had distanced the
other horse, Enid seemed more content
to take things easier. Cordelia was ex-
cited, but did not know it. She felt the
thrill of that swift rush past the enemy.
When again she heard the other behind
her, Cordelia this time turned to see.

"They'll pass us," she ejaculated,
nervously.

"We'll let them," said Joel, thinking
to please her.

Nearer and nearer; the deacon was
putting his horse to its pace.
It passed.

"Good night," blandly called Miss
Field in triumph.

But Enid was not to be put on one side
like this, she could not understand such
folly, and the Lord knows what would
have happened if Cordelia had not ex-
claimed:

"Let her go!"

"Let her go, Gallagher!" replied
Joel ecstatically; for it had taken the
repression in him to hold Enid back.

Nearer, nearer! The deacon looked
back and urged his horse, and thus
urged its speed on ahead. Enid needed
no urging. She was mad with joy at
the chance of a race—quasi or genuine.
Gradually they gained on the deacon.

"We'll pass them yet," said Cordelia un-
der her breath, and Joel, stupid owl,
began to apologize for his inability to
check Enid under the circumstances.

"O, go on!" said Cordelia excitedly,
and Joel went on.

They came even with the deacon. It
was no occasion now for salutations and
ceremonies—Miss Field was engaged in
holding on. It was neck and neck. Only
those who have experienced it can un-
derstand the tingle of it all.

The deacon yelled, his horse an-
swered with a grand sweep that left
Enid yards behind. Then Enid showed
all that was in her and sped over the
ground like some swift fabled creature.
It was for the palm of victory, both
horses knew it, as well as their mas-
ters.

Enid was gaining again, oh, so slowly
to Cordelia, who could see Miss Field
while she was the slightest degree in
front of them.

Gaining, gaining! Cordelia felt her
heart thumping as it had never thumped
before. Nose to nose!—Enid was first.
The deacon, by a shout, urged his animal
to its utmost. For one moment Cor-
delia thought it would overtake and
win.

"Joel Brown!" she cried, "ef ye can-
not win—give me the reins and I will
win myself!"

After they had run down their own
little stretch of lane, and had drawn up
in front of their own house, Joel helped
her to alight, saying, grimly:

"Cordelia Brown, it's uncommonly
like horse racing you've got to answer
for."

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Capt. Mahan has been elected a
restryman in All Angels' Protestant
Episcopal church in New York.

—The London school board rule for
bidding collections in schools was sus-
pended in order to allow subscriptions
to the Indian famine fund.

—It is said that an engineer and chem-
ist, who died in Italy a few weeks since,
bequeathed his possessions, about \$10-
000,000, to the university at Stockholm,
Sweden.

—Some years ago Rev. Crane, the
father of Stephen Crane, the novelist,
wrote a tract on popular amusements,
in which he condemned novel-reading as
one of the vices of the age.

—Fewer deacons and priests of the
Episcopal church were ordained in Eng-
land last year than for any correspond-
ing 12 months since 1876. But as the
number ordained was 1,321, the supply
must be regarded as ample.

—Mrs. Daniel Howard, of Jefferson-
ville, Ind., had her home connected by
telephone with the Presbyterian
church, being at times prevented by ill-
ness from attending the service. The
experiment was very successful.

—The czar has assigned a sum of 65-
000 rubles from the imperial treasury
for the erection of residential quarters
for the female students attending the
St. Petersburg Medical Institution for
Women. The building will be opened this
year.

—Could there a better, more fitting
memorial to Mrs. Stowe, than a Harriet
Beecher Stowe scholarship at Hampton,
Fiske or Tuskegee, as suggested by her
son, Rev. Charles E. Stowe, in prefer-
ence to the statue or monument pro-
posed by her admirers? It is the chil-
dren's privilege to place a monument
over their mother's grave. This other
memorial would certainly be, as her son
says, quite in keeping with his mother's
tastes, and far more useful to God and
man.

REPRESENTED THE OLD SCHOOL.

Oddities of the Late Dowager Em-
press of Japan.

The empress dowager of Japan,
whose death was recently announced,
was one of the few surviving members of
the old regime in the imperial circle.
She had her separate palaces and courts
at Kyoto and Tokio, where the an-
cient system prevailed. She seldom ap-
peared at official functions and had
made but one concession to modern
ways. She used a landau, with men in
livery on the box. She had charge of
the imperial nurseries, where the chil-
dren of the emperor by his various
wives are kept until they reach the age
of five or six. There were rooms set
apart for her at the palace of her son,
but she seldom occupied them, for she
visited but little, and could not recon-
cile herself to the change that had
come over land and people.

The great change was no change of
her making. She had brought up her
son, Mutsu Hito, in the most orthodox
and respectable way. At the age of
16, when he came to the throne, he
could read the Chinese classics, write
poetry, arrange flowers according to the
elaborate system of the Japanese, and
give a tea party with appropriate cere-
mony. That was about all; and the
fond mother no doubt thought it was
quite enough. The 120 predecessors of
Mutsu Hito, in the same line, who had
ruled Japan for 2,500 years, had never
known more, and most of them had
known less. The lad was worshipped as
a god, like his fathers before him; and
that sort of reverence covers a multi-
tude of sins in the object of adoration.

No man might look upon his face and
live. He was never allowed to wear
the same garment twice, nor to eat of
the same dish a second time, both
clothing and crockery being destroyed
at once.

So things went on until he ventured
to look at the sun without a veil, liked
it, and thenceforth turned his imperial
countenance upon his whole people.
The new man had come to town.
Changes followed with startling rapid-
ity. Forty-nine superior persons, with
their wives and sisters, were sent
around the world to report on constitu-
tions, manners, customs and education
for men and women. The poor dow-
ager empress must have stood by, like
the mother of Aladdin, with her hands
in the air; but her astonishing boy was
not to be gainsaid. She lived long
enough to be about the only "dowdy"
in the court circle and to see laughty
China on its knees before her son's
throne.—London News.

Hunting Trophies in the Household.

One of the curious fads of the day is
the use of some hunting trophy as an
article of household furniture or decora-
tion. Man and womankind are both
enthusiasts upon the subject. The man's
den, studio or library must contain
a piece of this kind, the foundation
of which was gained in some fall or
winter hunting trip, while the feminine
hondoir or drawing room also boasts
one presented by a masculine admirer.

Among the skins figuring most promi-
nently in this way is that of the ele-
phant. Strange as it seems, the hide
of this ungainly creature can be and is
used in a dozen unique ways. The leg
of the elephant forms an odd corner
closet. The skin of a "baby" of the
species makes an arm-chair. Another
weird chair is covered with the skins
of small animals, such as the red fox,
otter, etc. The arms and legs of the
seat terminate in the heads of these tiny
beasts, which are placed where knobs
would occur in the everyday article.
Bears are greatly in use among those
who go in for this fad. One fashionable
house owns a stuffed bear arranged as
a species of dumb-waiter. Hatracks
from small legs and feet of deer and
kindred creatures are much in evidence.
—Buffalo Commercial.

Crushed Again.

Editor—Who was the first humorist?
Author—I really don't remember.
Editor—I thought you might; you
have been bringing us in his jokes.—N.
Y. Truth.

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1 cent Playing cards, red, perforate.....	50 cents
1 cent Proprietary, red, imperforate.....	10 cents
2 cent Bank Check, blue, part perforate.....	5 cents
2 cent Certificate, blue, imperforate.....	5 cents
2 cent Certificate, blue, part perforate.....	5 cents
2 cent Certificate, orange, full perforate.....	10 cents
2 cent Express, blue, imperforate.....	5 cents
2 cent Express, blue, part perforate.....	5 cents
2 cent Playing cards, blue, imperforate.....	50 cents
2 cent Playing cards, orange.....	10 cents
2 cent Proprietary, blue, imperforate.....	15 cents
2 cent Proprietary, blue, part perforate.....	10 cents
2 cent Proprietary, orange, full pefro to 15 cents	
3 cent Playing card, green, imperforate.....	30 cents
3 cent Express, red, imperforate.....	10 cents
4 cent Playing card, violet, perforate.....	50 cents
4 cent Proprietary, violet, part perforate.....	10 cents
4 cent Express, red, imperforate.....	10 cents
5 cent Playing card, red, perforate.....	10 cents
5 cent Proprietary, perforate.....	10 cents
6 cent Proprietary, orange, perforate.....	50 cents
10 cent Bill of Lading, blue, imperforate.....	15 cents
10 cent Bill of Lading, blue, part pefro to 15 cents	
20 cent Bond, imperforate.....	30 cents
40 cent Inland Exchange, imperforate.....	75 cents
50 cent Probate of Will, imperforate.....	\$1.25
70 cent Foreign exchange, green, im. at 60 cents	
81 Life Insurance, imperforate.....	\$1
81 Manifest, imperforate.....	\$1.10
81 Mortgage, full perforate.....	\$1.25
100 Passbook, imperforate.....	1.50
100 Foreign exchange, orange, im. at 300 cents	
100 Foreign Exchange, maroon.....	4 00
300 Inland Exchange, imperforate.....	5 00
300 Inland Exchange, perforate.....	5 00
2000 Probate of Will, imperforate.....	30 00
1 Blue and Black.....	1 50
1 Black and Green, proprietary.....	5 cents
5 cent Black and Green, proprietary.....	5 cents
6 cent Black and Green, proprietary.....	6 cents
10 cent Black and Green, proprietary.....	8
10 cent Black and Green, proprietary.....	10
10 Black and Green, proprietary.....	5 00